

Twelve  
FAVOURITE SONGS,

COMPOSED BY,

W. Jackson.

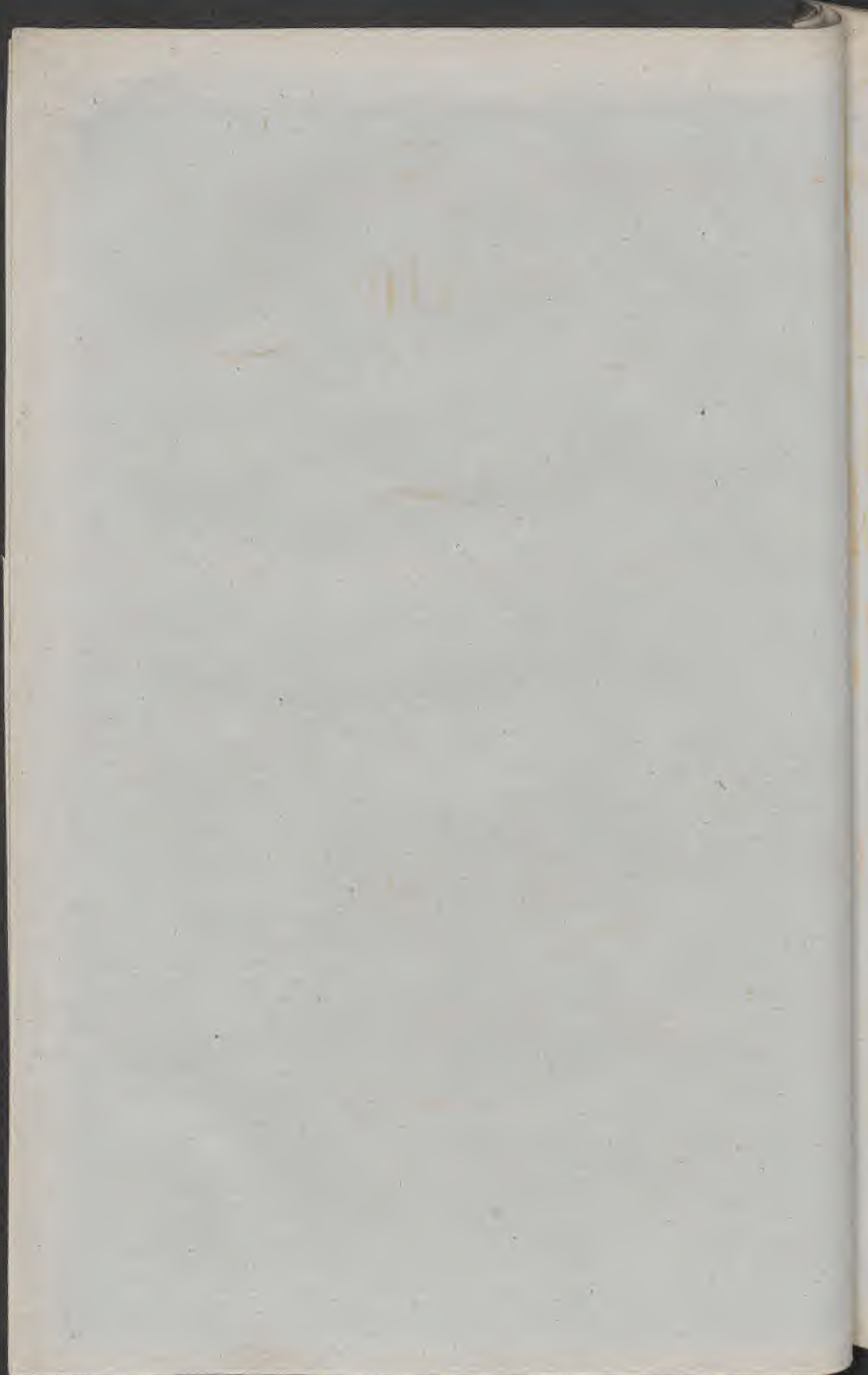
OF  
Drexler.

Opera

LONDON:

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1. The first part of the book is a history of the

city of London, from its foundation to the present

time. It is written in a clear and concise style,

and is well illustrated with many fine engravings.

The second part of the book is a description of the

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buildings. It is written in a clear and concise style,



## SONG I.

Vio: 1. &amp; 2.

Largo Andante

The heavy hours are almost past that

part my love and me my longing eyes may hope at last their only wish to

see. The see. But how my Delia will you meet the Manyou've lost so



3

long will love in all your pul. ses beat and tremble on your

Tongue will love in all your pulses beat and trembles on your

1 2

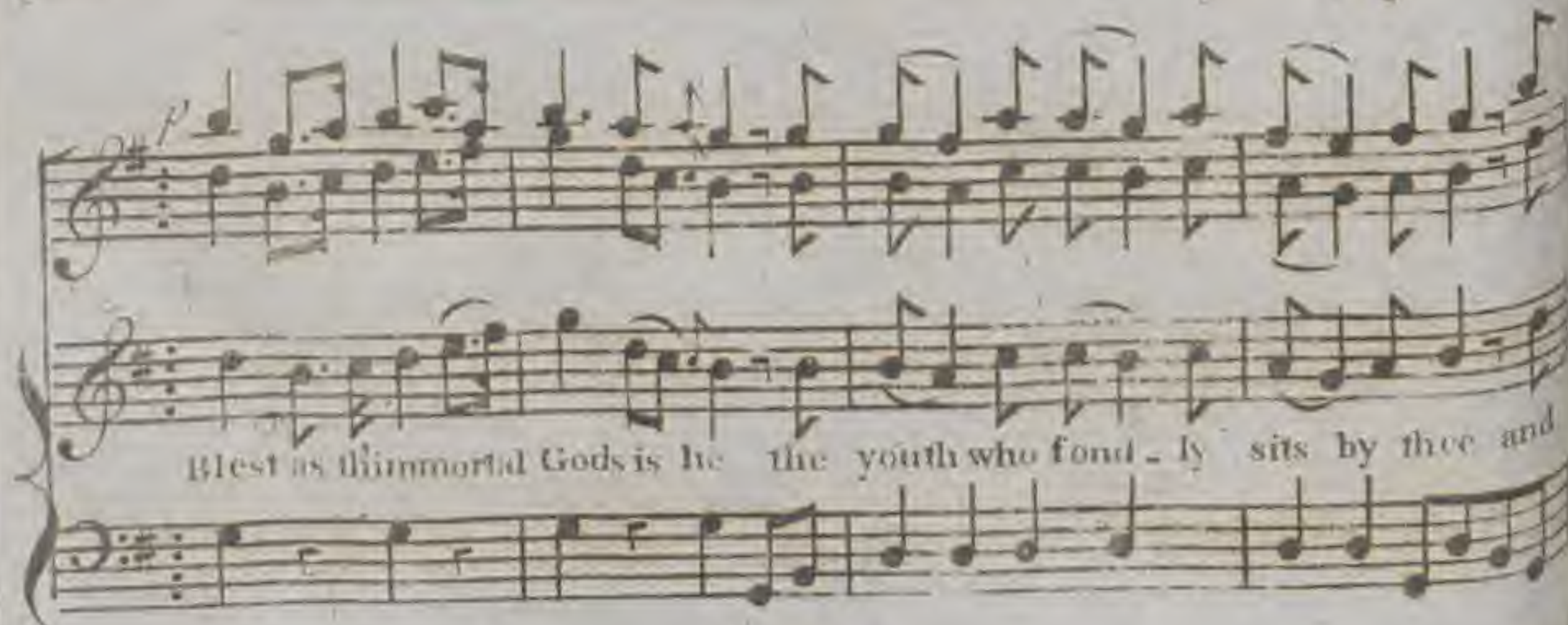
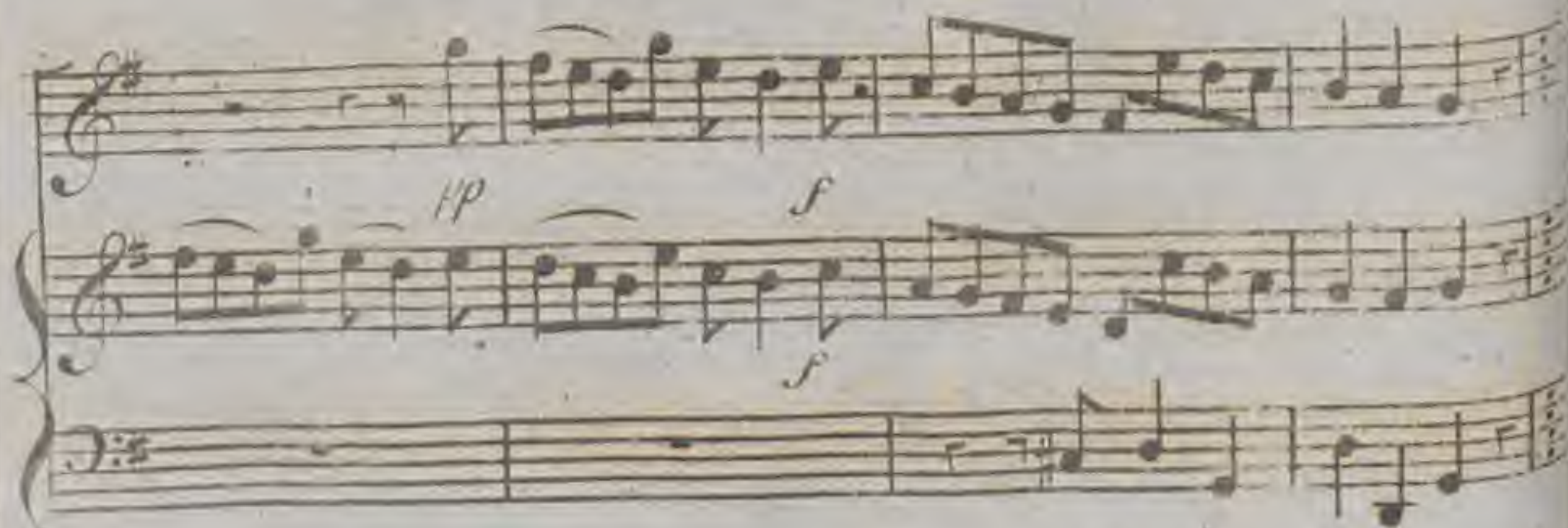
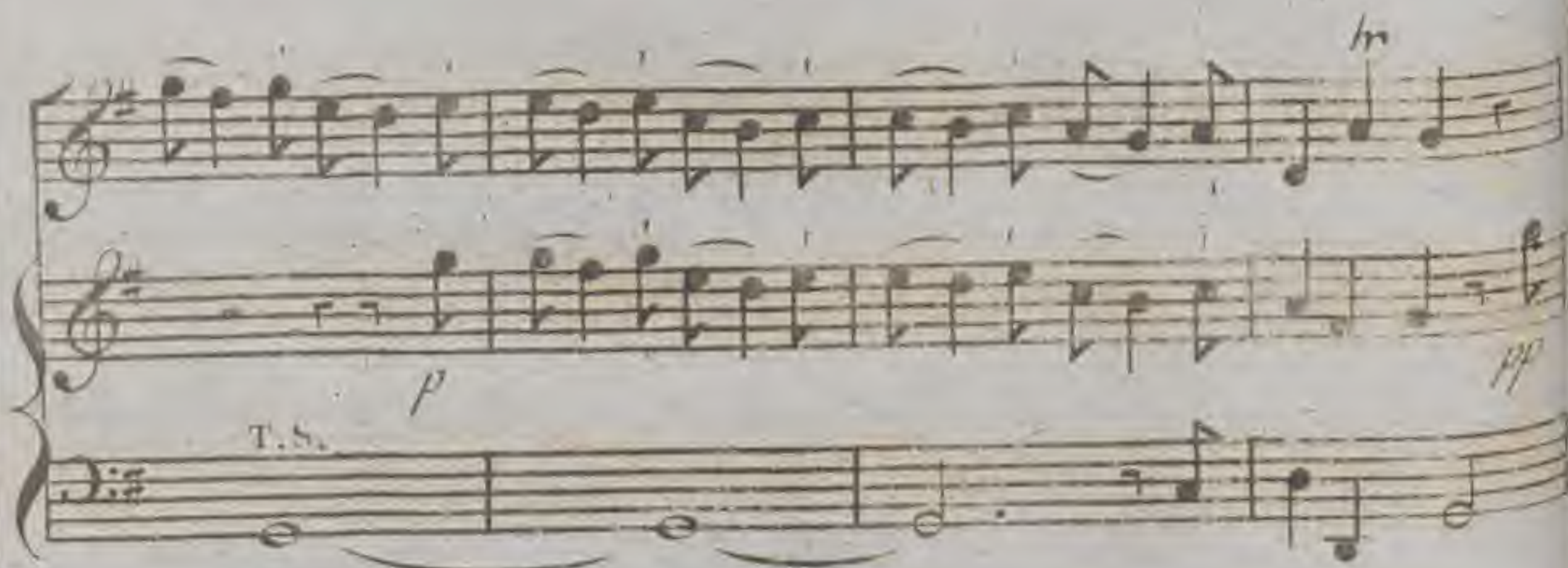
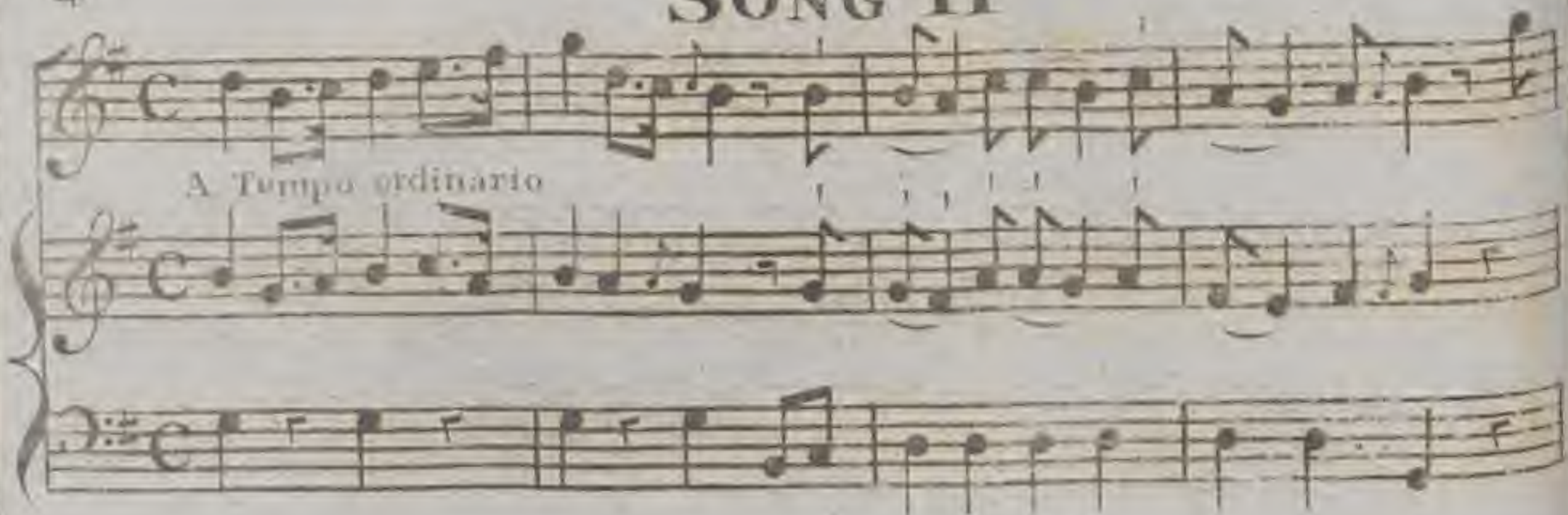
tongue. But tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare  
 Your heart is still the same;  
 And heal each idly anxious care  
 Our fears in absence frame?  
 Thus Delia thus I paint the scene  
 When we shortly meet;  
 And try what yet remains between,  
 Of loit'ring time to cheat

But if the dream that soothes my mind  
 Shall false and groundless prove  
 If I am doom'd at length to find  
 You have forgot to love;  
 All I of Venus ask is this,  
 No more to let us join;  
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss  
 To die and think you mine.



## SONG II





heav' and seek thee all the while sweetly speak and

sweetly smile sweetly speak and

sweetly smile

Twas this depriv'd my






sonl of rest and rais'd such tumults in my brest and rais'd such



tumults in my brest for while I gaz'd in transport tost my



breath was gone my voice was lost my breath was gone my voice was lost for



while I gaz'd in transport tost my breath was gone my voice was lost



2<sup>do</sup> *f* *p*

1. 2. V. 2<sup>do</sup>  
'Twas My bosom glow'd a subtil flame ran

*p*  
quick thro' all my vital flame o'er my dim eyes a darkness hung my

*p*  
ears with hollow murmurs rung o'er my dim eyes a darkness hung my



8

ears with hollow murmurs rung my ears with hol-low

murmurs rung

1. 2. *p*

My In dewy damps my limbs who'd my

blood with gen-tle hor-ror thrill'd my blood with gen-tle

227



10

horror thrill'd my fee-ble pulse for - got to play I faint-ed sunk and

*pp* *Largo* *a tempo* *p*

dy'd away I faint-ed sunk and dy'd away my fee-ble pulse for -

20

*p* *ad lib:*

- got to play I faint-ed sunk and dy'd away.

1. 2.

*f* *In*



## SONG IV.

Vio. 1. *Con Spirito* *p* *f*

Vio. 2. *p* *f*

Voce

Basso *Tasto Solo* *p* *f*

*p* *f*

*p* *f*

*p* *f*

My days have been so wondrous free the little birds that fly with

*p* *f* *p*

*p* *f* *p*

careless ease from tree to tree were but as blest as I. Ask gliding waters

*T Solo* *f*



if a tear of mine increas'd their stream or ask the passing gales if e'er I lent a sigh to

them or ask the passing gales if e'er I lent a sigh to them.

*Tasto Solo*

*p* *Fortiss?*

*p* *Fortiss?*

*Solo* *p* *Fortiss?* *Voti*



## Siciliana.

Largo *po*

But now my former days retire and I'm by beauty caught the

tender chains of soft desire are fixt upon my thought an eager hope with

- in my breast does ev'ry doubt controul and lovely Nancy stands confest the





Ye Nightingales, ye twisting pines,  
 Ye swains that haunt the grove;  
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,  
 Ye close curtains of love;  
 With all of nature, all of art,  
 Assist the dear design;  
 O teach a young unpepp'rd heart  
 To make her ever mine!

The very thought of change I hate,  
 As much as of despair,  
 And hardly covet to be great,  
 Unless it be for her  
 'Tis true the passion in my mind;  
 Is mixt with soft distress,  
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot wish it less.

N. B. The above Stanza's must be sung to the last Air, and the following Stanza to the former, omitting the first Symphony.

But if she treats me with disdain  
 And slight my ill merited love;  
 Or looks with scorn on my pain,  
 A pain she could relieve;  
 Farewel ye birds and lonely pines  
 Adieu to groans and sighs  
 I'll leave my passion to the winds,  
 Love unreturn'd upon this shore.



## SONG V.

Violon<sup>o</sup>. 1.Larghetto affett<sup>o</sup>.

Voc.

Violon<sup>o</sup>. 2.

e Cembalo

In vain you tell your parting Lover you

with fair winds may waft him over a - las what winds can happy prove a -

- las what winds can happy prove which bear me far from what I love a



*p*

- las what dangers on the main can e - qual those that I sustain

*m*

alas what dangers on the main can equal those that I sus - tain from slighted

*f*

Al Segno S.

vows and cold dis - dain.

## 2

Be gentle and in pity choose  
 To wish the wildest tempest loose;  
 That thrown again upon the coast,  
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,  
 I may once more repeat my pain,  
 Once more in dying notes complain;  
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.



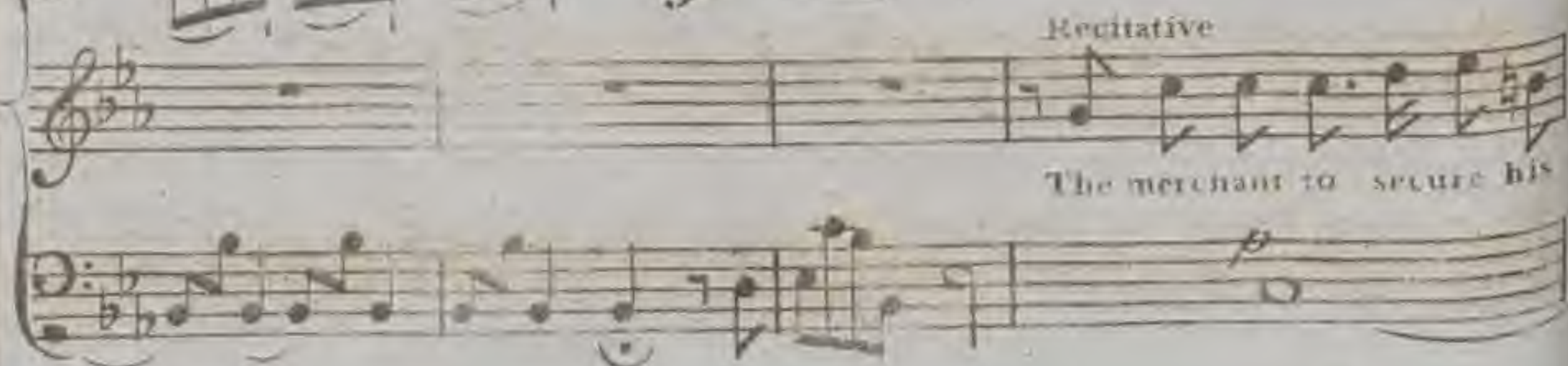
## SONG VI.

Viol. 2  *Andante Allegro*

Voice 

Basso 

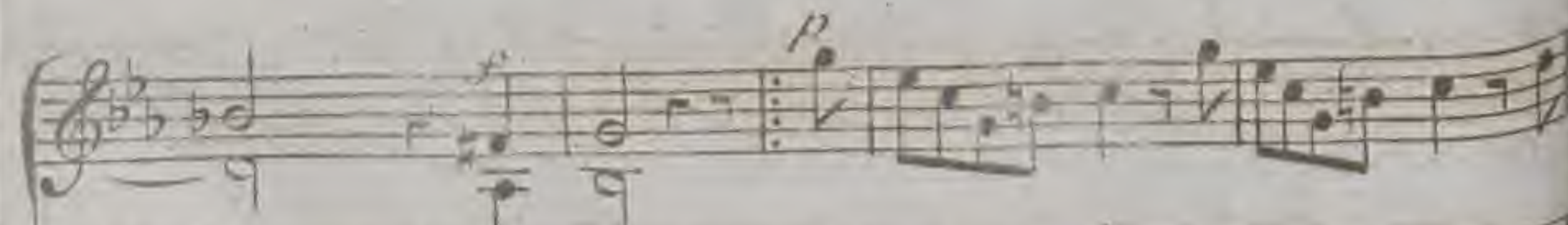
 *Accomp. p*

 *Recitative*

The merchant to secure his



 treasure conveys it in a borrow'd name; Euphelia serves to grace my measure but

 *p*

 Chloe is my re - al flame. My soft - est verse my darling Lyre up -





on Euphelia's Toi - lette lay when Chloe no - ted her desire that



I should sing that I should play my Lyre I tune my voice I raise but



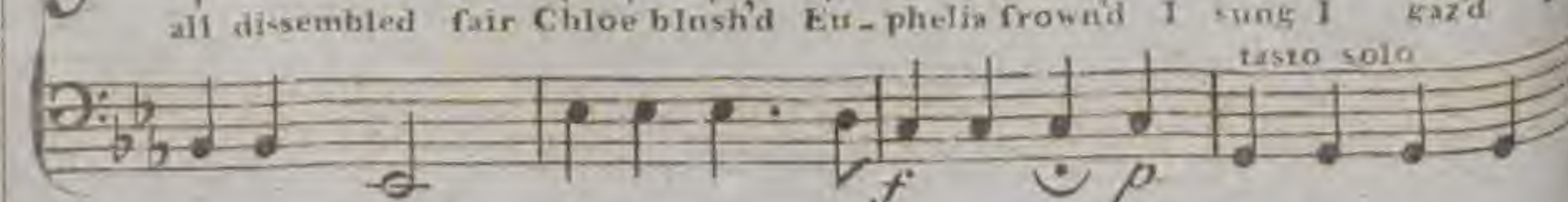
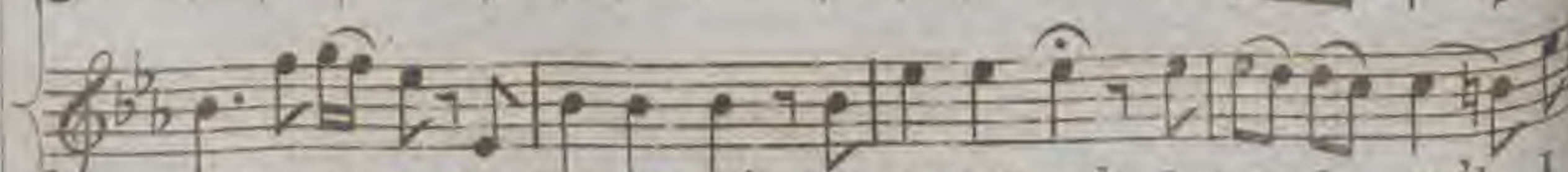
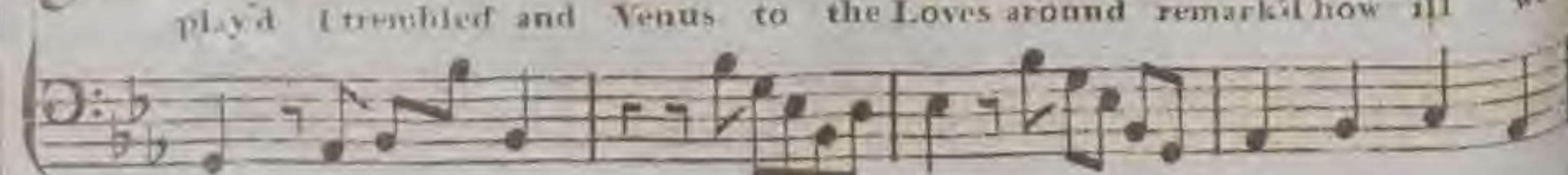
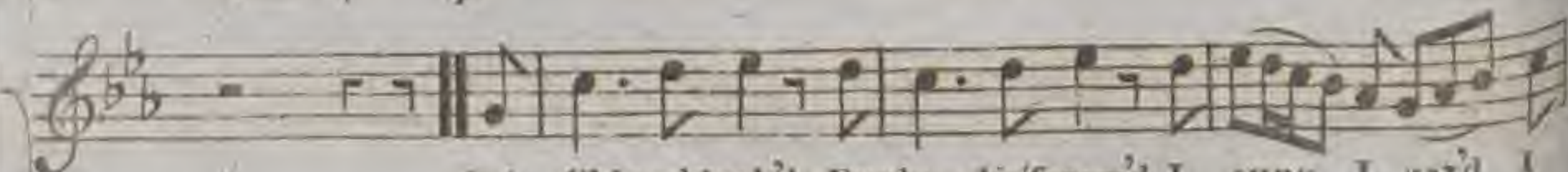
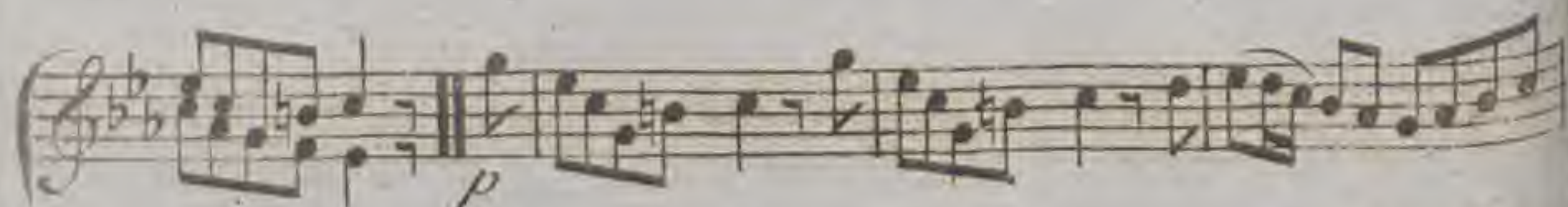
with my numbers mix my sighs and while I sing Eu - phelia's praise I

tasto solo



fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.







play'd I trembled and Venus to the loves around re mark'd how ill we

The first system of music consists of four measures. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lower staff is in bass clef. The melody in the upper staff features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

all dissembled and Venus to the loves around remark'd how ill we

The second system continues the musical piece with four more measures. The notation and instrumentation remain consistent with the first system, maintaining the same melodic and harmonic structure.

all dissembled

The third system contains four measures. The upper staff begins with a forte dynamic marking 'f'. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The melody in the upper staff shows some variation in rhythm, including a half note.

*fmo*

The fourth system consists of four measures. The upper staff features a more complex melodic line with many beamed sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues with the accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.



## SONG VII

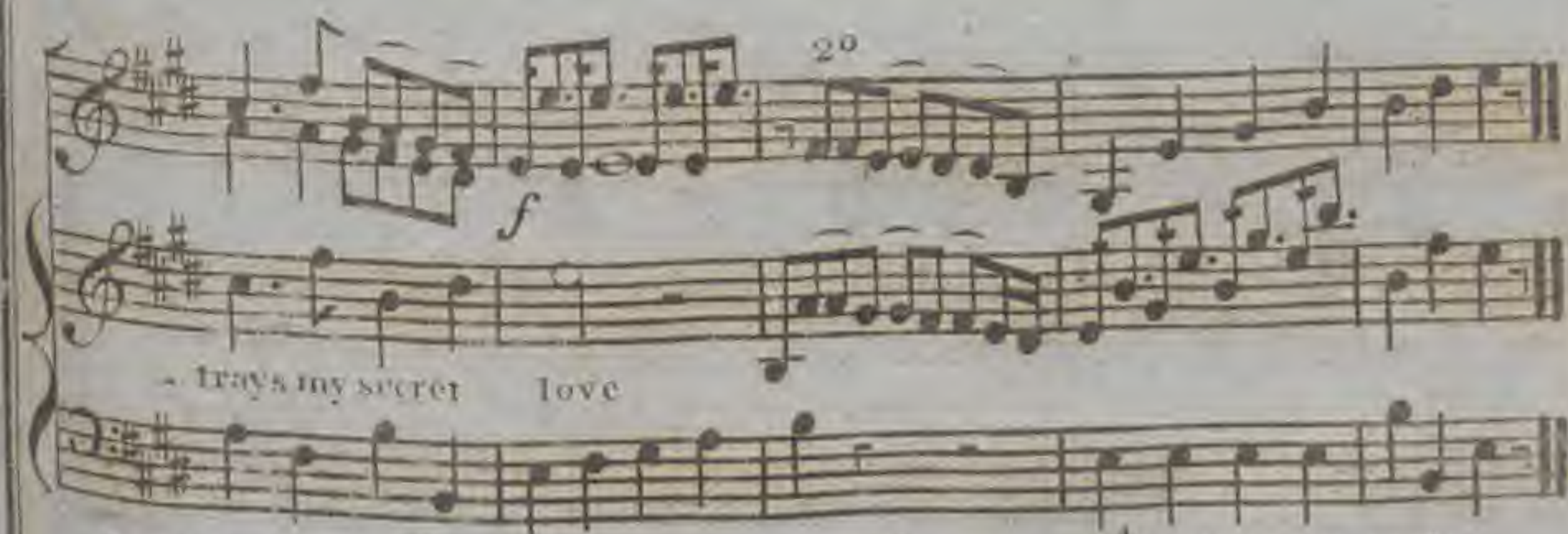
20  
19 Amoroso *p*

*p f p*

*s.p.*  
Ah why must words my flame reveal what

need my Daron bid me tell what all my Actions prove **A**





In all their sports<sup>2</sup> upon the Plain,  
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,  
And him alone approve;  
The rest unheeded dance or play,  
From all he steals my praise away,  
And can he doubt my love?

Whene'er we meet my looks confess  
The joys which all my soul possess,  
And every care remove  
Still still too short appears his stay,  
The moments fly too fast away  
Too fast for my fond love!

Then ask not words but read my eyes,  
Believe my blushes trust my sighs,  
My passion these will prove,  
Words oft deceive and spring from art,  
The true expression of my heart  
To Damon must be love.

Does any speak in Damons praise;  
So pleas'd am I with all he says  
I ev'ry word approve;  
But is he blam'd altho in jest,  
I feel resentment fire my breast,  
Alas, because I love!

But oh! what tortures tear my heart,  
When I suspect his look impart  
The least desire to rove;  
I hate the maid that gives me pain,  
Yet him to hate I strive in vain;  
For ah! that hate is love.



## SONG VIII

29

Larghetto

To him who in an hour must die not

swifter seems that hour to fly than flow the minutes seem to me which keep me

from the sight of thee To sight of thee Not more that trembling



wretch would give another day or year to live than I to shorten

what remains of that long hour which the detains of that long hour which

1. 2. 20  
thee detains Not thee de - tains



come to my im-pa-tient arms O come with all thy

heav'n-ly charms O charms At once to jus-ti-fy and

pay the pain I feel from this de-lay the pain I

feel from this de-lay At - - lay



20

# SONG IX

mezzo *p*

*f p*

Largo Andante

mezzo *p*

*f*

*f*

*p*

*f*

Recitative.

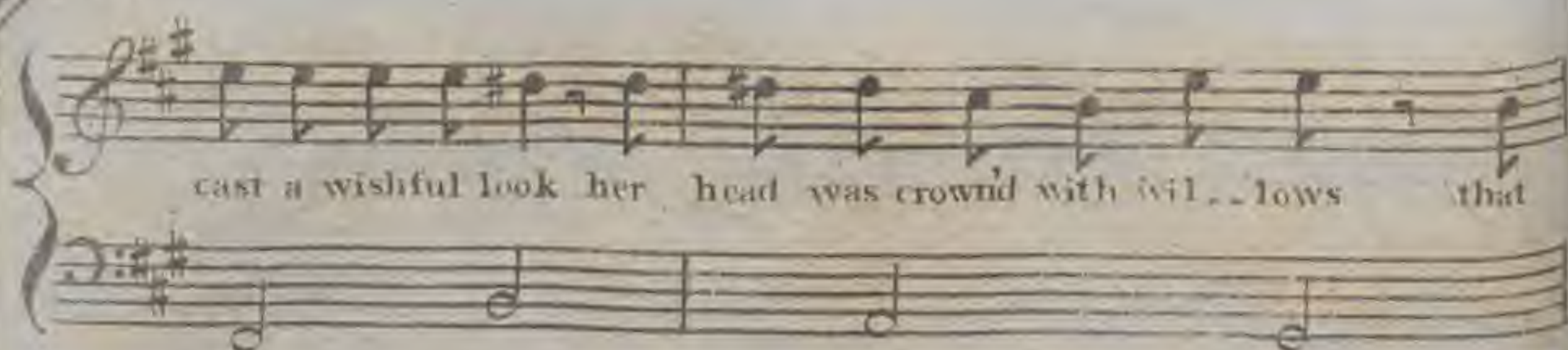
*p*

Twas when the seas were roaring with hollow blasts of wind a damsel lay de-

*f*

ploring all on a Rock reclined wide o'er the foaming Billows she

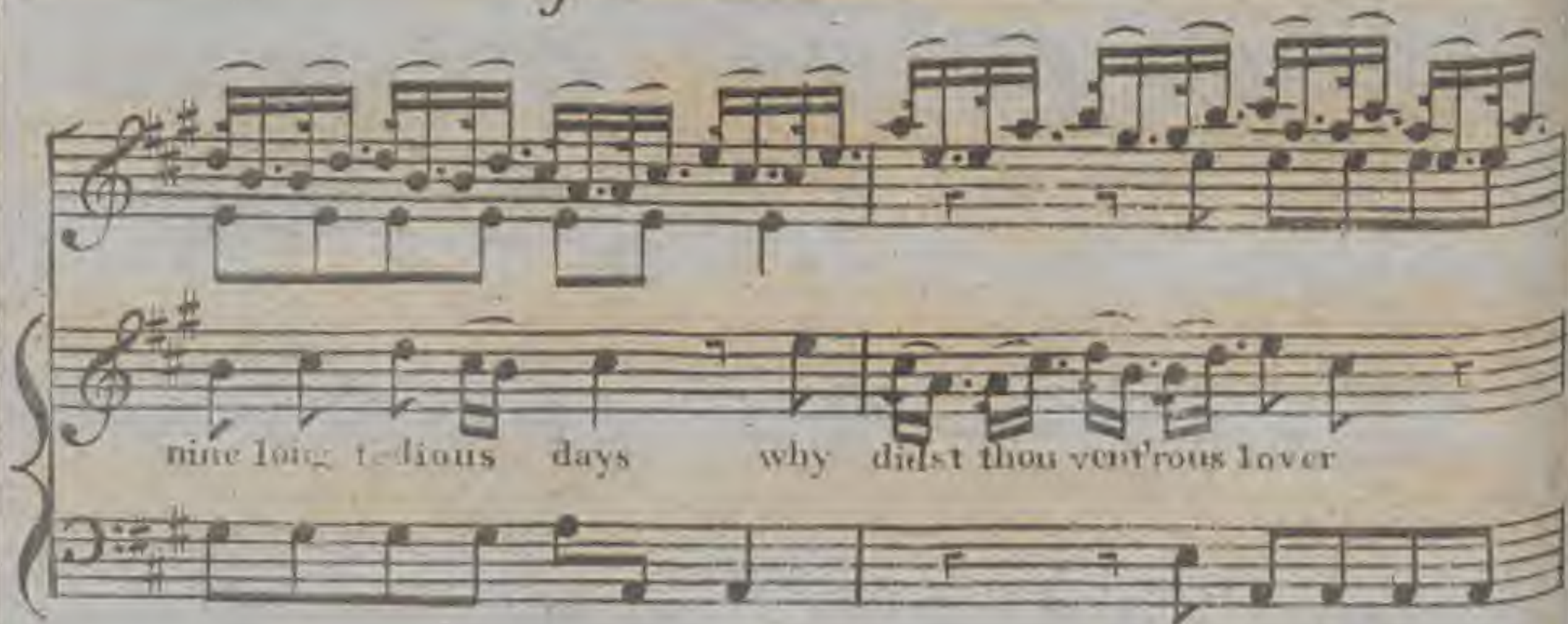




cast a wishful look her head was crown'd with wil- lows that



tremble o'er the brook Twelve months were gone and o- ver and



nine long tedious days why didst thou vent'rous lover



why didst thou trust the seas cease cease thou troubled ocean and let my lover



rest ah whats thy troubled motion to that with in my

breast ah whats thy troubled motion to that with in my breast

the

2

The merchant robb'd of pleasure  
Views tempests with despair  
But what's the loss of treasure  
To the losing of my dear  
Should you some coast be laid on  
Where gold and diamonds grow  
You'd find a richer maiden  
But none that loves you so.

3

How can they say that nature  
Has nothing made in vain  
Why then beneath the water  
Do hideous rocks remain  
No eyes the rocks discover  
That lurk beneath the deep  
To wreck the wand'ring lover  
And leave the maid to weep



## Recitative

Thus melan - cho - ly ly - ing thus waild she for her

dear re - paid each blast with sighing each bil - low with a tear

Largo

when oer the white waves stooping his floating corps she spy'd

## Largo Affettuoso

then like a li - ly drooping she bow'd her head and

1<sup>o</sup>  
2<sup>o</sup> dy'd

*p* *pp*



# SONG X

31

Andante

Waft me some

soft and cooling breeze to winsor's sady cool re-treat

where syl- van scenes wide spreading trees re-



*f*

pet the raging dogstar - heat

Where tufted grass and mossy woods afford - a

*f*

*p*

ru - ral calm re - pose where woodbines

hang their dew - y heads and fragrant sweets a - round dis -



close *f* *p* where woodlins hang their dew -

heads and fragrant sweets a - round dis - close

where

2  
 Old oozy thames that flows fast by,  
 Along the smiling valley plays;  
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,  
 While thro' the flow'ry mead he straws;  
 His fertile banks with herbage green,  
 His vales with golden plenty swell,  
 Where'er his purer stream is seen,  
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell. 4

Let haste Clarinda too be there,  
 In azure mantle lightly drest;  
 Ye nymphs bind up her silken tress,  
 Ye zephyrs fan her panting breast;  
 Oh! to the war like must you bring  
 The muse the kindly travel rail  
 To me alone the muse shall sing  
 And warble thro' the vocal air

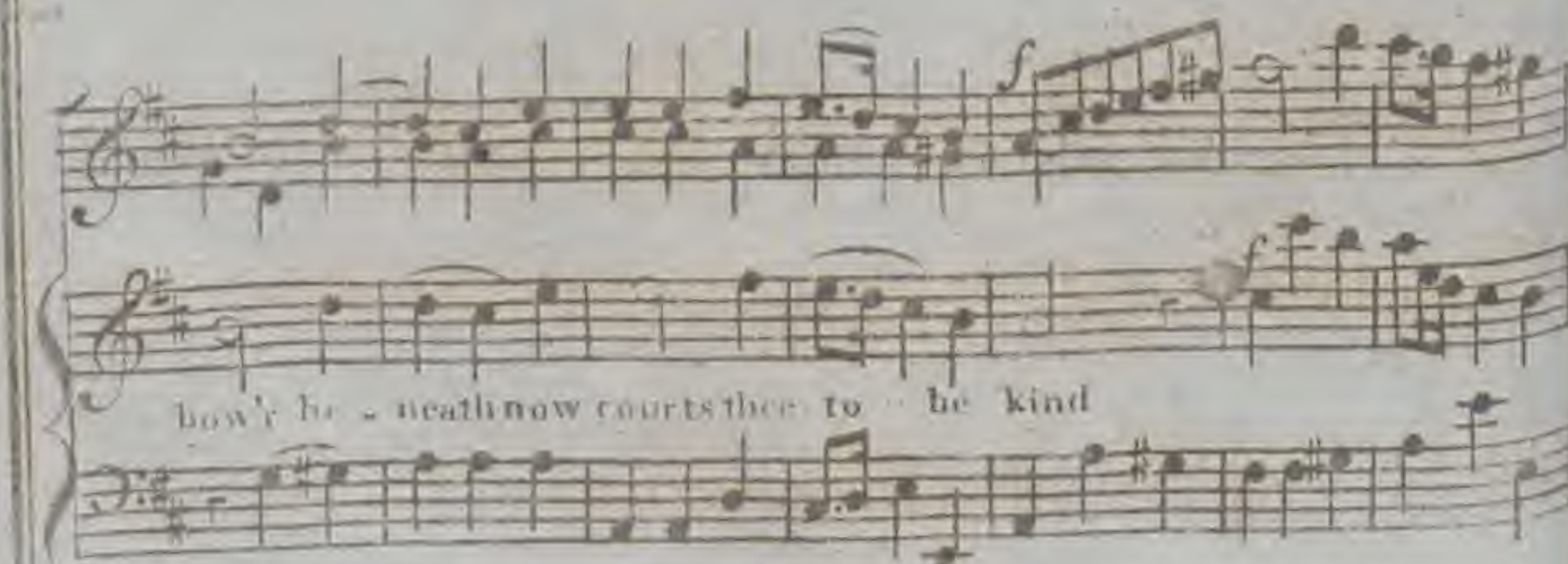
3  
 Let me thy cleave thy yielding wave,  
 With naked arm once more divide;  
 In the my glowing bosom lay,  
 And stem thy gently rolling tide,  
 Lay me with damask roses crowd,  
 Beneath some osiers dusky shade,  
 Where water-lilies paint the ground  
 And bubbling springs refresh the glade.



## SONG XI

*Andante Affettuoso*

While li- quid odours round him breathe what youth the ro- sy



bow's he - neath now courts thee to - be kind



for whose un- - wa - - ry heedless heart do

you thus dress with careless art your eye - - low trees - - sea

bind

How often shall thumpactis'd youth  
Of alter'd gods and injur'd truth,  
With tears alas complain!  
How soon behold with wond'ring eyes  
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise  
And scowl along the main.

While by his easy faith betray'd,  
He now enjoys thee golden maid,  
All amiable and kind;  
He fondly hopes that you shall prove  
Thus ever vacant to his love;  
Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they to whom untry'd  
You shine alas in beautys pride;  
While I now safe on shore,  
Will consecrate the pictur'd storm,  
And all my grateful vows perform  
To Neptune's saving power.



## SONG XII

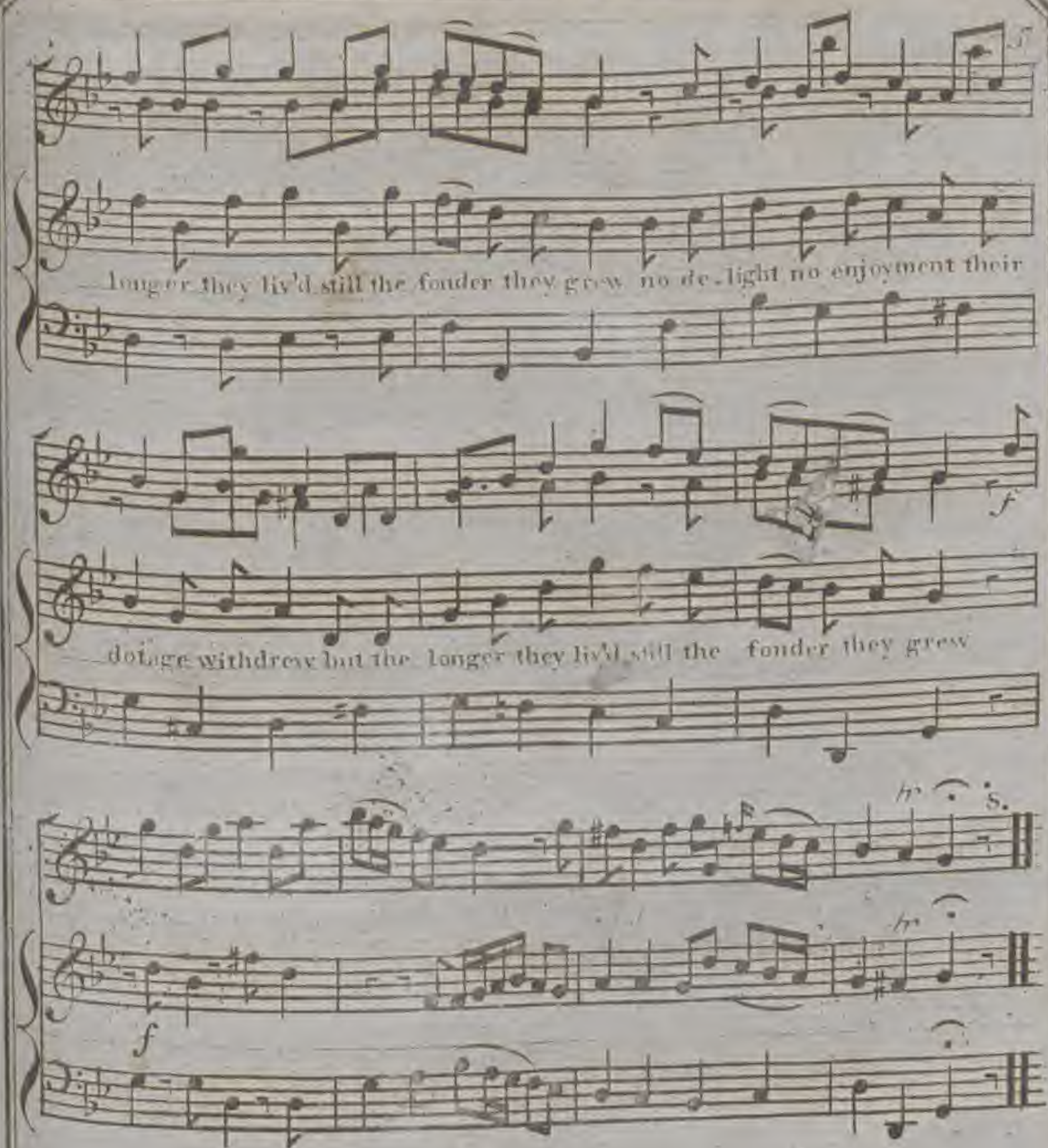
Andante

I an the the lovely the joy of her soul by

Iphig was lov'd and lov'd Iphig again she liv'd in the youth & youth in y fair their

pleasure was equal & equal their care no delight no enjoyment their dotage with know but y





2  
A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,  
Some envyd the Nymph but more envyd the swain;  
Some swore twould be pity their loves to invade,  
That the lovers alone for each other were made,  
But still all consented that none ever knew  
A Nymph be more kind or a Shepherd so true.

3  
Love saw them with pleasure and vow'd to take care  
Of the faithfull the tender the innocent pair  
What either might want he bid either to move,  
But they wanted nothing but ever to love;  
He said all to bless them his Godhead could do,  
That they still should be kind & they still should be true.